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TOM BOWLINE

AND

JACK'S THE LAD,

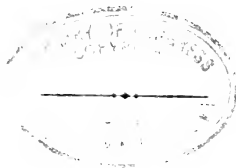
A NAUTICAL, ROMANTIC AND HIGHLY PRODIGIOUS TRAGEDY IN
3 ACTS,

BY

PONSCION PICCACAKE, C.B.

WITH

CHORUSES AND SONGS OF THE SEA.



ALBANY, N. Y.:
JOEL MUNSELL.

1877.

NOTICE TO MUSERS.

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PONSCION PICCACAKE, C.B.

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THE CAST.—*Costumes, Red, White and Blue.*

TOM BOWLINE, chief of the Red Rocks, pilot and captain of the Goldwave.

ANCHOR JACK, boatswain of the king's ship and a pirate of the Red Rocks.

IZIA, mate of the Goldwave, a pirate.

POLL, wife to Tom Bowline.

MERII, a child, daughter to Poll.

A BABE, with Poll.

RED ROCK PIRATES, as crew of the Goldwave.

ALCHYMI, a doctor.

HOMOGENEOUS, captain of the king's ship.

CATWIP, an officer of the king's ship.

TACKS, a sailor.

SAILORS, as crew of the king's ship Neptune.

OLD TAR BONNIFACE, of the Ship Inn, Naples.

SHOOTE, an old disabled soldier, lame.

A JEW, a peddler.

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

DORKUS, daughter to the lighthouse keeper.

ÆGEAN, } ladies of Naples, officers' friends.
SIMILLI, }

ACT 1ST.

Scene 1st. The bay of Naples and burning mountains.

" 2d. The ship's office at front of stage.

" 3d. The beach at Naples, two houses at back.

ACT 2D.

Scene 1st. A coast rock and lighthouse.

" 2d. A street at front, Naples.

" 3d. The upper deck of the Neptune, a sea scene, 3 wing.

" 4th. Same as 1st scene, 2d act.

ACT 3D.

Scene 1st. The open sea.

" 2d. A street in Naples at front.

" 3d. On board the Goldwave at sea.

Time of play, evening and night. Third act, day time. Several days elapse between the last scenes. Date, ancient.

TOM BOWLINE

AND

JACK'S THE LAD.

ACT 1ST. SCENE 1ST.

The bay of NAPLES, ITALY, a view of the fleet at anchor and the burning mountains. OFFICERS, VISITORS and SAILORS on the ship NEPTUNE. Curtain opens with a dance "The Sailor's Hornpipe." Enter JACK, left, with a letter.

Jack. Captain Homogeneous, a letter from the good king, sir.

Homo. (reads). Boatswain, call the hands aft, to hear the good king's message.

Jack. Aye, aye, sir. All hands, hands lay aft, to hear a message from the king. The hands are aft, sir.

Homo. (reads aloud). The good king sends his pleasure greeting to the captain, officers and crew of his good ship Neptune and hereby commands that you weigh anchor and return home, hoping Providence will guide you safely to port, to anchor. The king has marked your zeal and faithful duties, rendered while on float, for which services leave of absence is granted you, one month extra while at home. Given under the Great Seal. The King. Now men, make merry, and three cheers for the king (*crew cheer*). There are four winds to blow beneath the heavens, let us give three

cheers for a fair one (*cheers*). I shall now "pipe down" that you may see your friends before sailing. And, as in ancient rule, after a five years' cruise at sea and toil, we'll splice the main brace, with merry grog, one gill to all, in honor to the good ship Neptune and the king. "Pipe down" hands to dance and skylark.

Enter friends from the shore (a dance). Enter TOM
BOWLINE. Chorus, Home again.

Anchor Jack (sings). Shipmates let me introduce an old friend of mine, Tom Bowline of the brave ship Goldwave. His father and I were for many years shipmates for the king. Old Tar Bonniface, we used to call him, but as he married and had no issue to make his life and wife happy, he craved this boy from a foreign ship we saw sinking in distress; he, struggling in the water, came floating hard by us, and old Tar cast out a bowline which he, child-like, grappled to; we hauled him in like a drowned fish, and old Tar Bonniface adopted him as his son, naming him after the line we caught him by, and now, Tom, as I have introduced you, speak for yourself, as truly noble as the trim craft you hail from.

Tom. Royal shipmates I am glad with your acquaintance, pleased to know you all, and should be happy to be one of you. Nothing is so noble in the heart of man, as that ambitious pride to serve a king; the honor of his shrine inspires the mind to zeal and valor to wash away dishonor. The man is but a poor conqueror in himself, who holds his heroic battle crownless; it is like the withered wreath the conquered drops away. As my friend and shipmate told you I am nothing but a castaway dropped like a crownless hero into the sea; but from then till now, I have loved the name of king as truly noble as though I wore a crown. A sailor of the king is to me what I do worship, for his heart;

manliness and proud ambition elates a clear conscience in the man who can boast, I am a king's man. a sailor. My secret life is sacred to you and me upon those decks of the good ship the king doth own, because I have no honor, no king to have zeal, pride and ambition, for. I am but the brave son of a brave pirate, whose days, months and years have been spent in wanton outrage, so that my life and soul, hands, flesh and blood are stained with inhumanity. Then if there be a man among you, save me from such cruel desperation.

Anchor Jack. What say you, boy, would you turn a traitor to your crew, and doom the existence of braver men? what would you do?

Tom. Join the good king's ship and be a royal sailor, with the title of king upon me.

Anchor Jack. We would rather see patriotism than gallantry. The one cannot be counterfeited; the other can. If you wish to be a king's sailor, change your name to Caution, and let the air of cheerfulness ever pervade your every employment, for, like music, "it sweetens toil." As a kingsman to please it is not so necessary to say as to leave unsaid. Obedience is your first duty and with a cheerful countenance salute your officers. From the mysteries of the sea the veil is seldom to be drawn; from the mysteries of love and romance, no, never! you are standing on a deck unknown, veiled in mystery, and so am I. Should I raise the veil both of us are lost, for like you I am but a Red Rock disguised in the uniform of the king who shipped me.

Tom. Your example is a most powerful teacher, one by which a sailor can be irresistibly moulded to the true and good.

A. Jack. Without that example, it would be false and bad.

Tom. It is true I am but a brave pirate ; but then my thoughts are on the king, and sunlight that enlivens day, and sends bright, beautiful thoughts to the heart of man. As its king rises slowly in the east on a throne of golden clouds, in all the majesty of the king of day, a striking image of the Great Creator, his cheering beams move the soul to gladness and drive all evil thoughts away, hence I sink into oblivion, the hero of a tempest wrecked ; but no. As all nature rejoices at the sunlight, so will I rejoice, a sailor to the king. Flowers lift their drooping heads, the sea sparkles like glittering jewels, and the moss that clings to the weather-beaten rocks glistens like the richest emerald. The masts and vanes alike are covered with a flood of golden light ; and the captive's lonely life is brightened as he watches the sunlight peeping through the little barred windows of his cell. Honor lights in my heart as bright as the sun in that philosophy. All is gloom where it is not. The sick and dying love the sunlight to shine upon them, as do I, because it reminds us of port and home, toward which we, like the tide, are slowly drifting. When nature weeps, and her mouth speaks thunder, and her eyes flash lightning, sunlight soon drives and dries away the tears ; and nature's face is wreathed again in sunny smiles. It is welcomed by the happy and unhappy ; only where there is death is it shut out ; it mocks grief with its splendor and happy appearance ; it weaves itself into fantastic shapes of the purest and most dazzling brilliancy on the bier of the dead and on the scene of joy ; it is the source of life on sea or land, the vegetation on the earth. Let no one exclude it, for the poorest and gloomiest are made beautiful where a glimpse of it is found. Such is my ambition as light, in honor as the sun to serve my king.

All. Bravo, by Jove ! Welcome, Tom Bowline.

Jack. Tom is courageous, a brave sailor, and unto Poll a lock and bolt of admiration. He, like the perfumes of the sea that forms the fragrance for mermaids to inhale, is the sport of many maidens.

Tom. Jack you speak flatteringly, which is somewhat ungrateful.

Jack. True, boy. Flatterers are the worst kind of traitors. They strengthen imperfections, encourage you in evils, correct you in nothing; but so shadow and paint follies and vices as you shall never, by their will, discover good from evil or vice from virtue. Few sailors look upon an object as it really is; but regard it through some fantastic prism presented by their own prejudices, which invest it with a false color. You are a Red Rock and would be a true blue; you break your oath to change color, and must obligate again to serve the king and that will perjure you a traitor and a villain.

Tom. But what of that in so true a cause from an outlaw to a king? Oaths when taken are but senseless, offensive, vulgar and impious acts; like obscene words, they leave a noisome trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the soul. They outrage taste and dignity.

Jack. True, Tom, we find profit sometimes, by losing our prayers, spending the prayer-while to save the ship.

Tom. Why then reprove me, when I love but to adorn. The finest manner of my growing instincts is but a mantle dark upon my fairer mind. The world is his who can see through its most sacred pretensions, ever and alone.

Jack. Elated boy, thy faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death to that undiscovered country, where, born, lived and died, sums up the great epitome of man.

Tom. Aye, and so breaks the ladder on which we climb to the likeness of it. When one is young, one must do

more when one is old, else we only live to enjoy the good of others.

Jack. That is so, boy. The best days of a man's life are those in which he effects the most good. Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath. Childhood itself is scarcely more than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age, and a great heart is as quick to find out another as the world is slow.

Tom. There is no good this world can give, like that it takes away, for little things on little wings, bear little ships to heaven, well knowing that a treacherous friend is like a treacherous rock against whom you must be always on your guard.

Jack. Quite philosophical Tom, by Jove, and now to splice the main brace as a memento of your shipping a kingsman in the good ship Neptune hand up the liquor shipmates, a health to Tom Bowline, and the weighing our anchor for home (*aside*). And now the sail is set at last, I hate the king, I hate his service, I hate his ship, I have tried to escape it all for my freedom again as a Red Rock pirate of the sea and my own captain; the Goldwave is already partly mine. Tom Bowline is heir to the other part. I will enlist him in the king's royal service to effect my escape, once on board the Goldwave then Neptune, sink her, aye, sink her as a torture as being a mortified, existing misery to each soul on board. She weighs anchor, but not a league of sea before she shall let go, whoever be her pilot, and now boys let us drink to the main-brace and your health, Tom Bowline, welcome among us, a real sheet anchor.

All (drink). Your health, and the main-brace.

Song by ANCHOR JACK.

All. Your health and song, Anchor Jack, your health and song.

[*Enter* CAPT. HOMOGENEOUS AND OFFICERS.]

Homo. Good shipmates, I greet your cheer and happiness, on our weighing anchor. After these many summers in this tropic and other foreign climes, each heart I know will welcome well his home, his friends and lovers, and above all our dear old mothers. May Providence save the ship to reach them, they pray to cheer us on life's sea and its trackless dangers. What say you, boatswain of the Neptune.

Jack (aside). I have now to play the villain. I say, captain that the sea is a hidden peril to fresh meat, and a pearl to salt. Life, and it, are linked together by no common affection. Yet we sacrifice all but Heaven and our love for it, losing happiness for honor, and tenacious duty. It is like the poet says of the sinking ship

“From every heart a cry of anguish rose.”

grazing the rocks, she struck ! and the water that had bent to bear her broke and soon all was drowned in the royal sea dwelling. We are about to weigh anchor on this same sad sea, and the four winds of Heaven may blow upon us.

Homo. And what then ?

Jack. I have on board a pilot that can save us, and reverse the storm however stress it be. The quaint gable of those romantic seas are like the love that sports, well known unto him, he has fathomed every nook, and hole, and there is not an inch about the bottom but what Tom has sounded, and knows each water, and each current force with that philosophy of an idol charm, which makes me introduce him as a shipmate to you. Tom Bowline, Captain, a pilot.

Homo. I greet you, and as we are weighing anchor on the boatswain's recommend, I will ship you on this good ship Neptune in the king's name. Let him repair to the office and there record his name upon the books as our pilot, for, home, sweet home !

[*Exit* CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS.]

Jack. Home, sweet home! How often have I heard that expression. Yes, 'tis true, I hear it yet. Still I have no home, no home, my home is the ship at sea, in whatever storm, or stress of weather, while kings can live in palaces, with walls broad and high, adorned with most precious works and arts of every nation realmed beneath the sun, placed by Titian and Ruben's Arts of time, while I, born upon the wave, adequately become the palace where I shaved and had this wig cut from about me. Such scenes are but the shadows of the sword upon me, taint and diffusive. Royal brethren are kings and so are their sailors, down there. They move in circles exact, a counterpart diplomacy their occupation, yet diplomacy never see. I a sailor to the king move characteristically in artistic love scenes, in changes of nautical climes, which most adorn my chief; naturally he longs for home, which would delight the heart of a virtuoso. O sovereigns in the ways and arts of study to find a home. I have set my sails, they fill to find it Tom, what say you of home?

Tom. Of home, Jack, I say, stay sweet vision. Home, sweet home, has an endless meaning. There truly is no place like it. The home of childhood, no matter however humble, it gave us birth. It has been remembered by the loved, and the loved remember us when we anchor. If our home is on the sea we find a home on land. No matter how grand we live, or what we rise to, our hearts thrill with joy for home. Many, and our greatest men, kings of the sea, were born in humble cots, still their names are cherished by the brave and loyal. Many humble women born in cots have rose to high sphere, good, kind and noble mothers to our greatest heroes. A good home is a blessing to the end of days — a bad one is a curse. No matter how poor a home may be, there have been some happy hours spent in it, and if we look back, mingled with sad reflections, there would

still be some joy ; but, happy as is our home on sea or land, on earth, how much happier to know the home in heaven. I am a Red Rock, Jack, a pirate, but I am a being of the deity also, and looks up for comfort in the time of tribulation. Home, sweet home ! I, who have no mother to caress with tender joy, no father in whose love to fondle, sister nor brother wherein whose breasts I could pour my bosomed love and life to, no, heaven called them, they were drowned, and I was saved, and branded a pirate, or Red Rock, a demon of yon burning mountain, whose lava serves to volcanize my hopes, to find a royal home as becomes my birth ; hence, I guide my footsteps towards that glorious abode, trying to make others happy, if oppressed by others. I will strive by gentle words and trifling deeds — I will help to bear the burden of the poor and feeble. I will teach all the way to walk the decks of righteousness, so that they may reach in safety the Eternal anchorage, and rest in that land of beauty — lit with radiance and the throne planted with ever blooming blossoms, gardened and inhabited by love, and with angels, Home, sweet home ! celestial.

All Chorus.— Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,
 O ! it fills my soul with joy
 To meet my friends once more.
 Music soft, music sweet,
 From the choir above,
 O ! It fills my soul with joy,
 To meet with those I love.

Tom. What say you of home now, Jack ? A home that will make you an angel.

Jack. I say, that a sailor does not want a home, nor to be an angel. until he fails at everything else. People and love-makers, talking of angels and of heaven, make a great mistake about it. They think heaven begins up yonder ; but it really begins down here. If you can be happy on the bottom deck, you are fitted to enjoy the happiness of the

upper stories. But if you whine and mourn here, heaven itself can't change your mood. No man can make a right out of a wrong, any more than he can paint a piece of cork so like a stone, that it will sink to the bottom when it is thrown into the sea. Every soul has some road to travel, companionless, except by heaven and its angels. Beware! be constant in what is good; beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil; be constant to your calling Tom, for constancy is a virtue; but obstinacy, is a sin falling soundless to leeward and the rocks, there to wreck you without a sail to save, or plank to grapple to. Save your shipmates Tom, for without love, happiness takes its leave: where love abides, cares enter with uncovered head.

Tom Jack, you are a wonderful delineator of marvellous genius, an artistic inventor of a most creative brain; by the models you portray, I imagine, this world is fair, when I sometimes thought it but a broken globe, passed the labors of civilized enlightenment, to repair it. Poll lay languishing, but now she comes.

[*Enter POLL with BABE in a boat with RED ROCKS.*]

Poll. Tom, when the devious paths of this busy world shall lead you from me, I must begin the work of love and self correction, with the philosophy of daily experience. I plainly and constantly see you take no thoughts for tomorrow, it is wise to behest of one who knows better than another, all the frailties of poor weak human nature. The evils of each day is enough for us to fight against. The allurements and temptations of the present must be met and conquered, as they now confront us. I have watched for you with affection, which now is pain. We cannot contend our life successfully against a day of settlement. What we do now must be the basis of our future. Therefore, in the review, now is the time to concentrate our love and energies

upon our only hope of achievement, I will wisely say no man can afford to be an enemy to himself.

Tom. Poll know thyself? This is the king's ship.

Poll. Tom, I know the ship and thy sage admonition, we are so ready to excuse ourselves and our delinquences, that we care not what befall our personal misfortunes.

Tom. Self deception which you practiced now becomes your own unhappiness and misery, which strongly weakens my good intentions. I sail in the good king's ship in hope of a new life and happiness.

Poll. O, Tom! you will not leave me so! you live in ignorance of the real happiness that will come unto us. You sail in the good king's ship, are you not romancing? No real achievement will be made by that.

Tom. Nor will there, by its postponement. I am ready and willing to struggle in its possession. Waiting will only bring new sorrows and bitter reflections.

Poll. The brunettes of Italy, all have their black eyes peering upon me. Oh! Tom! Know thyself? do not sail and leave me in this sad distress.

Jack. Tom, be constant, I told you in what is good; but beware of being obstinate in anything that is evil. Constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is a sin. Look upon thy wife, look upon thy child. Look upon the love they both owe you. Peace broods over all, though distress is on you; a storm may blow a ship on shore. then you all are saved by your helping hand; to go to sea and leave so fair a wife and child is only romance, when subsistence is invisible.

Tom. Jack it is too late, the die is cast, and to-night the sails we set, I go. Alas, Poll, I love you, and for that love I go to sea to earn the honest bread, we have none now to eat. My name is plighted to the king. I manifest its honor I go.

[Enter HOMO. and OFFICERS.]

Homo. Boatswain, the tide will not be in until ten to-night, the hands can go on shore on leave until that time pipe them off and see the visitors away.

Jack. Aye, aye, sir — you here there, you all have leave until ten o'clock, visitors leave the ship.

[*Cheers, kissing and music.*]

SCENE 2D.

The ship's office at front of stage Enter HOMO., OFFICERS, JACK, TOM and POLL.

Homo. Pilot, it is our ancient custom on shipping in the king's name to sign your name upon the books, in testimony of your sincerity and honor. It is the rule also to eat a piece of sea biscuit, which binds you duly obligated to the royal king. If you are willing, sign and eat.

Tom. I am willing (*signs and takes biscuit*).

Poll. Destined to sail as genii in the awful time. When men most merit home in Italy, Tom you are the first to play the truant. The king in noble state may on you play the tyrant; but go in admiration of my pity. All shall be discovered by an honest chronicle. No change betray, no guilt, no fear, until blood calls for blood; then look there! behold thy babe and me! look there, look here! Do not shudder at our sight, stand upon thy guard and love us. Darest thou never backen on those, who never wronged thee, who would not put a foot upon a worm. Yes, you must go now, as others have before. And kneeling upon this deck, I ask inspiration and strength to do an act of justice, heaven knows its cost; but, alas! how can I spare myself unto it, sparing none, for all may perish by me. Grant me strength, will, and oh! forgiveness. It is simple and most wretched. Turn thy back Tom, and let me leave this ship, for I cannot

part tenderly ; hide thy face and eyes, for my heart is stabbed innocent with injustice, oh ! oh ! (*sobs*).

[*Officers assist her to Exit. Exit all.*]

SCENE 3D.

The beach at NAPLES, a street, two houses at back on each side of the stage with signs.

[THE SHIP INN, OLD TAR BONIFACE.] [THE RED ROCK INN, A HELPING HAND.] *Seats outside, OLD TAR and SHOOTE seated. OLD TAR with a green eye. SHOOTE no arms and one leg.*

Tar (with eye glass.) I say Shoote, gossips say, the king's ship sails to-night.

Shoote. Aye, and I hear young Tom Bowline, of the Red Rocks is to be her pilot ; well he is a brave boy, and yet may sink her.

Tar. If I could find my mystic art, or heaven would transcend again my power, I could tell you of one sad night I left the bay in. It was just before the battle where I lost my eye. I sailed upon the good king's ship with a noble admiral ; the wind blew, i faith it was a terrible storm ; ships were struck and destroyed, the sea that rose in waves, was blowed to as level as level, and there was a general devastation. The storm lasted but a few moments, and seemed to burst right over head. The lightning was the most vivid ever seen. The huge black cloud appeared to be filled with rain, hail, wind, thunder and lightning, and this with scarcely any warning, burst all at once, discharging its contents over us, sweeping the sea before it like a deluge on the earth. Ships were struck by lightning and burned, ha ! here comes a sailor. I'll tell you some other time, the rest is worth your hearing.

Shoote. No doubt, Old Tars are good on yarns.
 I could tell you of the battle too
 In which I lost my leg and arms.

[*Enter TACKS, a SAILOR.*]

Old Tar. Shipmate, ahoy! What news?

Tacks. Good news, we sail home to-night.

Old Tar. Has the crew got leave?

Tacks. Yes, and are now on shore.

Old Tar. Anchor here awhile, I'll call the gossips up, and neighbors (*calls*). Ahoy! what cheer inside; rouse, the crew are coming, be ready. Shipmate, my gossip Shoote and I am sorry after the many good nights we have had together to lose the king's crew. I was telling gossip Shoote of a storm we had here once, it was of great danger for the next day we fought the battle. The sea run scarcely easy for it. It was in this battle we lost our admiral; he was related to the king's great grandfather. No. The king's great great grandfather was related to the admiral's great great grandfather, and the admiral's great great grandmother was great aunt to the king's mother.

Shoote. Tar Boniface is right shipmate; he has sailed with all the kings and admirals to all the ports in the universe. If blind a little, Old Tar is a good king's sailor.

Tacks. And you are a good soldier, no doubt (*aside*), I will test him, you know that famous Bengal, I suppose.

Shoote. Bengal, Bengal, I don't say I know Bengal; but I know his brother Sam very well.

Tacks. Ha, ha, ha! Bengal in India has no brother Sam. Go on Old Tar.

Old Tar. Our ship it was the Victory, our Admiral Nelson, he fell his face upon the deck. Hardy, the captain turned round to some men who were raising him. They have done for me at last, he said; he was carried to the

cock-pit, his wound was discovered to be mortal ; he felt this himself, and insisted that the surgeon should leave him, to attend on those whom he might yet save. He was in great pain, and intensely anxious to know how the battle went. Will no one bring me Hardy ? he asked ; he must be killed he said ! he is surely dead ! At length, Hardy came, and the friends shook hands in silence. After a pause, the dying man faintly uttered, well Hardy how goes the day ? Very well, said Hardy, ten ships have already struck, finding all was well, and that no king's ship had yielded, he turned to speak of himself — I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast. It will soon be all over with me ! Hardy hoped that there was yet another chance of recovery. Oh ! no, it is impossible. I feel something rising in my breast that tells me so. Captain Hardy, having been again on deck, returned at the end of an hour, to his dying friend. He could not tell, in the confusion the exact number of allies that had surrendered ; but there were at least fifteen ; for the other ships had followed their admirals into action, breaking the enemy's line, and engaging closely to leeward, in the same gallant style as the Victory and Sovereign. Nelson answered that is well ; but I bargained for twenty, and his wish was prophetic ; he had not miscalculated the superiority of his followers ; twenty actually surrendered. Having ordered the fleet to anchor, he again spoke of himself. Don't throw me overboard, kiss me Hardy ! Hardy knelt down, and obeyed in silence. Now I am satisfied. I thank God I have done my duty. Hardy kissed him again, receiving his blessing, and then took leave of him for ever.

Shoote. Bravo, Tar, that is a good story. I say, shipmate, I am right about Old Tar Bonniface, he's fought with all the kings, and could tell you interesting yarns as long, as long as the longest rope in the ship. Am I not right old gossip ?

Old Tar. Aye, the most triumphant death, is that of the martyr ; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory ; and if the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory, He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which at this hour are inspiring thousands of youths ; a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and strength. It was in that great battle I lost my eye ; but thank heaven. I have one left to see you all with.

Shoote. Tar is right, shipmate, what a ho, here comes the royal sailors at full sail, let us trim ship for the royal visitors.

[*Enter SAILORS and GOSSIPS to seats. Enter a JEW and other PEDDLERS with baskets.*]

Jew. Writing paper, will you buy writing paper. (*A sailor kicks his basket over*). You do that because I am a Jew. and sir, the Jew still walks the earth, and bears the same stamp of his race upon his forehead. He is still the same being, as when he wandered forth from the hills of Judea. If his name is associated with avarice and extortion, and spoken in bitterness and scorn, yet in the morning of history it gathers round it, recollections sacred and holy. The Jew is a miracle among the nations. A wanderer in all lands, he has been a witness of the great events of history for eighteen hundred years. He saw classic Greece, when crowned with intellectual triumphs. He lingered among that broken, but beautiful architecture, that rises like a tombstone over the grave of her departed splendor. The Jew saw Rome, the mighty heart of nations, sending its own ceaseless life's throb through all the arteries of its vast em-

pire. He, too, has seen that heart cold and still in death. These have perished, yet the Jew lives on — the same silent, mysterious, indestructible being. The shadow of the Crescent rests on Palestine, the signet of a conqueror's faith — Still the Jew and his religion survive. He wanders a captive in the streets of his own once queenly home, to meditate sad and gloomy, on the relics of ancient power. Above him shines the clear sky, fair as when it looked down on the towers of Zion; but now, alas! beholds only a desolate city and unhappy land. The world is his home. Trampled on and exiled, his name a badge of infamy; he still lives, full of ancestral pride. The literature of the ancient Hebrew triumphs over all creeds and schools, and sects; such is the Jew. His ancient dreams of empire are gone. Seldom do you see him in your streets. Seldom do you realize, that he is the creature of such a strange, peculiar destiny. Neither age, nor country, nor climate have changed him. Such is the Jew, a strange and solitary being with long and mournful history. You have cast the first stone, now I will cast the second, and the Red Rocks will help me.

[*Enter RED ROCKS and every soul, a fight ensues to curtain act.*]

ACT 2D. SCENE 1ST.

A coast, rock and lighthouse. Enter in a boat POLL and IZIA and MERII, goes to lighthouse.

Poll The golden light streams richly, and the watchman sleeps, the sea is magical. Our long shadows full and true are like a veil of filmy mellowness. Light specks float in the twilight air, a dim, dark sepulcher is before us; go in Izia, and if he sleeps soundly put out the light; if he is awake, bid him come out to save us from the night, then let him writhe quickly. Go in Izia, bring me the captive, now my

hands feel skillfull and the shadows wake my spirit airily and swift to quench that light.

Izia. But if he is armed. I have but a dagger.

Poll. A wip to keep a coward to his track. What gave death ever from its kingdom.

Izia. A thousand lives will perish by it. If I kill him he will come from his grave to-morrow with his story, strained with fainting eyes upon me, for when that blood-shot quivering is o'er, the light of heaven will never light me more a thousand lives will perish.

Poll. What were ten thousand to a form like mine, now and hereafter, go *Izia*. My heart's last fount is for its insatiate thirst, every life-string nerve is maddened. By all the fiery stars! I'll pluck him! Yet there is a deathless name and shame.

Izia. Hell, a spirit that this smouldering vault do spurn. I'll mount, and like a steadfast planet, smother the light that burns (*goes up to light*).

[*Enter a lighthouse door, a lighthouse keeper.*]

Keeper. Ahoy! shipmate, this is not the path to glory, your life is on a chance wind; dumb aye! I pity thee.

Izia. So do I, old gray beard; but for a moment — one — 'tis an eclipse of the moon to-night, we are lost, could you give us shelter, inside?

Keeper. Aye, sooner than die like a dull worm, I would do it all, come in.

Izia. (*goes up and seizes Keeper and struggles down*).

Izia. Your heart old man. Your heart, to check the evil skeptic's laugh with.

Keeper (*fires a pistol*). Sooner than die — (*fires*).

Izia (*stabs keeper who falls*). Ha, ha, ha! heavens! but I appal! foully to the earth. O, my sight is gone. Vain,

vain, give o'er, I am blind. Lead me to the boat. Let me not faint. O! Poll lead me, lead me.

Poll. Blind Izia? Struck blind? No! not so Izia, it is I who have quenched the light above. Stand back, the old man dies. Look at his old gray beard, how it changes color with his blood. His eyes gaze apace. He does not feel you now, not quite dead. Rack him again Izia. Hark! he mutters. Look at the conception of scorn on those lips. Look how his temples flutter. His heart is still. Lift up his head Izia, he shudders — aha — gasps. Jove, help him Izia — so — he — dies — dead. Come away and set the light with me, come.

Izio. And now we go to Pompeii together.

Poll. By this time they have weighed anchor. Let us hasten to place the false light inland, so as to change their course right here. They will then strike those rocks and drown beside their beacon, dead.

[*Exit in boat POLL enter IZIA and MARI.* *Enter DORKUS and SHOOTE.*]

Dorkus. My father must be ill, the light is out, something is the matter.

Shoote. Let us hide, and watch.

[*Enter JACK in a boat.*]

Jack. What the work I come to do is done before me (*Dorkus moves on*). Is that you Izia. I am late to meet you?

Dorkus. It is not Izia; but Dorkus, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper.

Jack. What, you here Dorkus? and alive! and not Izia here? Then I must drown you to complete the darkness of this scene (*hurls her into the water*).

Dorkus. O! mercy, mercy, save me!

Jack. No mercy in a shipwreck ; bnt die in the waves, drown and sink.

Shoote (fires from another rock).

Jack. A good shot that. Wounds me only in the clothes. just abreast.

Shoote (fires from another rock).

Jack. That's a miss, shipmate, right abeam.

Shoote (fires from another rock).

Jack. Ha, ha, ha ! that wounds me ! How many devils have I got to fight. Hold though, three shots is a duel.

Shoote. You had better sail then, shipmate.

Jack. What aho ! help, help, Izia.

Shoote. Ahoy ! lie too there. or I'll anchor you.

Jack. Avast, shipmate, I am wounded.

Shoote. Haul your flag down then, my prisoner, your name ? who are you ?

Jack. I am Anchor Jack, boatswain of the king's ship Neptune, and part owner of the Goldwave, Red Rock, and pirate. Save me, I am wounded.

[*Enter POLL, IZIA and MERII.*]

Izia. Stand assassin, who are you ?

Jack. Anchor Jack, wounded.

Izia. And who are you, assassin ?

Shoote. I am Shoote, a poor disabled soldier, come with my gossip the keeper's daughter to the lighthouse. She was over playing farewells with the sailors. Do not strike me Izia ?

Jack. Damn you red fiend. What, is it you have wounded me ? Spy, Izia. Lame as I am, I'll hurl him in the sea.

Poll. Hold. Spare him Izia, he is our friend.

Jack. No, Izia, by my life, he will betray us.

Izia. Then die (*runs Shoote backwards into the water*).

Jack. Now put me on board. It is time to weigh our anchor, haste, Izia, or I lose my ship. Wait here Poll, for Izia's return. I will alter her course, two points that will bring her right up here. When the ship strikes the rocks, I will escape on shore; be ready with the boat to row me to the Goldwave pirate, once on board that Red Rock, I am my own captain. Come Izia, farewell Poll, farewell. If Tom dies, then we own the ship, farewell.

[*Exit in boat IZIA and JACK.*]

Poll. Farewell! I have set the inland light. I will wait upon those rocks. Farewell, Jack and Izia (*sits down*).

[*KEEPER, DORKUS and SHOOTE, all crawl up round POLL upon their hands and knees.*]

All. Save me! Save me from the deep.

Poll. Good heavens! all the demons of the sea are out, about. What, does the sea give up her dead so quick? avaunt!

Keeper. Is that you Dorkus? Is that you child?

Dorkus. Is that you father? Oh! Is that you?

Shoote. Is that you Dorkus, and your father.

Poll. Yes, not dead, all are here. I will kneel upon the rocks in praise to heaven, for saving them. Oh! heaven hear me (*kneels*) (*a crash of thunder*). What is that! (*lightning*) Lightning and drops of rain. Oh! Tom. I fear a storm is on you. Come Merii, I will send you with news to the city in time, I hope to save the ship.

SCENE 2D.

A street at front of stage, Enter HOMO. OFFICERS ÆGEAN and SIMILLI.

Homo. Well, gentlemen and shipmates, this is the end of the street, and yonder is the pier. I see our boat and

crew are awaiting our arrival. So, farewell, Ægean and Similli, farewell. Though I leave you I love you.

Ægean. Homogeneous those are the words of old sailors. Farewell! and be sure you write to me, won't you? and be sure you come again.

Homo. Yes, love, when I have a ship.

All. Good bye (*kisses good bye*).

[*Enter JACK.*]

Jack. I come to beg a passage, captain. I went to see a shipmate and missed the boat, and I have a wounded arm. The boys capsized a Jew at the Old Ship Inn. and in the battle I got wounded just above the elbow.

Homo. All right, Boatswain. go on board; there have your wound dressed by a doctor. If not too ill to sing Jack, delight our scene with the Anchor's Weighed (*Jack sings*).

[*Exit all, SAILORS.*]

Ægean. Brave fellows, I cannot part with them; they are so gallant, brave and noble; each have a breast of joy and goodness, clever and manly (*a crash of thunder*). Oh! Similli, that is thunder, they will not sail. We shall have them on shore again to-night!

Similli. Let us wait awhile, they may return and take us home together.

[*Enter MERII.*]

Merii. Sailors, ahoy! ahoy!

Ægean. What news child?

Merii. Murder at the lighthouse. and they are going to drown my father. Ma sent me to stop the ship.

Ægean. They sail I fear. Who is killed?

Merii. The keeper, his daughter, and a soldier. Haste with the news, the light is out.

Ægean. Is this true child? Who are you?

Merii. Merii Goldwave Bowline, my father is gone pilot of the king's ship Neptune. They are going to sink her.

Ægean. This must be true, Similli. Let us hasten down and stop the sail; we will hail them with our handkerchiefs, to impart the news.

[*Enter OLD TAR BONNIFACE.*]

Sailor has the ship sailed yet?

Old Tar. Yes, they had the anchor straight up and down when I left her, and the captain's boat has just left the shore full sail, see, they are just rounding the corner for the vessel.

Ægean. There is foul murder at the lighthouse, the keeper is killed and others.

Old Tar. The keeper killed! the news is too late. Still I have a boat, and if this brooding storm don't come on too quick, we may reach them hastily. Come you with the news, right with me. [Exit all.]

SCENE 3D.

The upper deck of the ship NEPTUNE, the SAILORS weighing anchor. Enter HOMO, OFFICERS, and JACK, over the side.

Homo. Hands up anchor!

Jack (calls). Hands up anchor. Every soul man the fore and aft capstands.

Homo. Are you ready?

Jack. All ready, sir.

Homo. Weigh the anchor.

[*All hands move round to lively music.*]

Handsomely, weigh enough.

Jack. The anchor's away, sir!

Homo. Hands cat and fish the anchor.

[*Exit all the SAILORS.*]

Jack. The anchor's all secure, sir.

Homo. Hands make sail ! away, aloft ! Let fall. Haul, away, belay ! Boatswain call the watch !

Jack. Aye, aye, sir ! All the starboard watch, watch to muster.

[*The song "STARBOARD WATCH, AH-OY ! by the crew, and chorus."*]

Homo. Pilot the wind is rising we had better luff a little.

[*A very loud crash of thunder.*]

Tom. I fear a storm is rising, captain, we had better shorten sail.

Homo. Hands strike top-ta-gallant mast ! Away, aloft ! Shorten sail ! Haul away ! Send down the masts ! Lower away ! Hands close reef the sails. Haul taut ! Belay everything ! Can you see the point light yet, pilot ?

Tom. Not yet captain (*heavy thunder*).

Jack. A light on starboard beam, we are too far to leeward. See the light right abeam, that should be on the bow. You had better change her two points to the wind ! or you will strike the leeward rock and that will havoc us. The sea is heavy, and she soon will sink. Pilot what say you ?

Tom. Change her course two points to the wind.

Homo. Pilot, if you change her, or vary one point from the chart I shall hold you responsible for the act. Hands to muster, in both watches. A leadman to the chains.

Jack. Clear lower deck. Every soul fall in, fall in aft.
[*Exit, all left hastily.*]

SCENE 4TH.

A landscape at front, a heavy storm, dark. Enter ÆGEAN, and SIMILLI left.

Ægean Oh ! Similli, who thought when the sun set in

his western clouds of silvered gold, that so radiant a scene would change to such a tempest. See the lightning flash. Hark to the thunders roar, and the wind, its awful howl, fills me aghast with terror. Hark you unto it, its like a deluge. When the sun set so gloriously, one would ask whence came this overcast shadow ingloriously to wreck the mariner? The mingling gold and silver clouds changed to red and blue, then dark in magic, as transparent as the waves whose tragic calmness rose in an awful uproar, current with the elemental sign and token, enough unto the mariner to beware of the brooding tragedy. When the sea grew dark and all the clouds joined one, and were one storm, we, who had ventured in so small a boat, had scarce vessel enough to reach this shore, then on our boatman went, aye, perhaps bottomward, for each foaming swamping wave nigh washed and weighed her under. By the lightning, I saw the ship trembling on each thunderstruck and tremulous wave, veering her course seaward as best she could. Alas! Oh, no! She cannot live this storm. O! captain I fear for you. Still she dashed majestically on until the obscuring tempest hid her in its shroud, and we had no horizon, nor zenith, but were mystified; though luckily reached the shore, and all went helplessly on, each swelling wave out doing their wayward art unnavigably. With anxious care they eyed each wave, that swelling threatened to o'erwhelm. With cheer they heaved the reeling log and marked the leeward, and the course, defying destiny. Let us kneel and pray the Greater Pilot to protect them from this, the direst storm; with His aid we yet have power to save them (*kneels, enter Izia watchingly*). Oh! Eternal Pilot of the seas, who alone can save and guide the mariner, guide the good ship Neptune and her crew, to the sea of calmness, there to anchor in the soundings of good hope. Oh! Pilot, save

them from the desperation of the Red Rocks, whose wanton hunger is to prey upon them. Let thy chain of grace be their cable, and thy hands their anchor chains, so that they may grip tight.—

Izia. As I do you. Look up here. As the lightning shine the elements, behold yon ship drifting to the rocks and eternity! too late for the deity to save her! See her dash each wave. She sinks fast; her crew tight in the rigging, she strikes! Come, if you have a soul to save in her, follow me unto the beacon, where she will drown. I save, Anchor Jack, the Red Rock.

Ægean. And we would save them all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 5TH.

The lighthouse scene repeated. The KEEPER, DORKUS, SHOOTE and POLL on the rocks watching the ship at sea.

Keeper. She labors heavily, look you at her, how her light rises and falls. She must be head this way! both lights are visible.

Shoote. A red light and a blue light shows this way. Only that I am lame, I would put this light at the lighthouse head.

Keeper. Yes, that may change them seaward. If they head this way another quarter knot, she'll strike those rocks. She is already past her tacking point.

Poll. Give me the lantern, I will hoist the light at the lighthouse head to see them (*takes light to lighthouse*).

[*Enter in a boat IZIA. A voice outside as though at sea.*]

Jack. A light ahead, sir!

Homo. Hands save the ship. Hard a port, right over! Let go the anchor!

Jack. Land and rocks under the bow. She strikes (*a crash is heard*).

Homo. Hands save yourselves.

Jack. Hands save yourselves. [*IZIA is ready with a boat. Enter JACK as though jumped from the ship, and goes off in the boat with IZIA.*] Come Poll, I am a freeman and sail for the Goldwave.

[*Exit JACK and IZIA in boat.*]

Homo. Hands save the stores! Where is the boat-swain? (*Another crash and loud cries for help outside.*)

All. Help! help! we drown

[*Enter HOMO.*]

Homo. What sight is this, the lighthouse here?

Keeper. Aye, captain, and the keeper nigh killed.

Homo. What! murder, and no light! Who are you at the lighthouse head?

Poll. Poll of the Red Rocks, and wife to your pilot, Tom Bowline.

Homo. What conspiracy is this, who is the conspirator? You, sir?

Shoote. Not I, captain, I came to save you.

Poll. It was I, who did conspire; because you took from me my husband and I am now your prisoner (*descends*), as is also my husband, Tom Bowline; we will meet our fates together, and at your command Captain Homogeneous. Izia and Jack, who would have murdered the watch and you have made good their escape, and are sailing now for the Goldwave pirate, and Red Rock ship lay outside the offing. Right your vessel again. I await judgment for my wrongs. I could not live unpunished.

[*Enter CATWIP.*]

Catwip. The ship lies easy on the rocks, and as the tide comes in, she will right up again and float.

Homo. Good news Catwip, bring the pilot on shore, bring him as a prisoner.

Catwip. Aye, aye, sir. [*Exit.*]

Homo. And, madam, for this conspiracy, he and you shall suffer ; whose child is that, about you ?

Poll. My child. The pilot's child.

Homo. Too innocent to suffer with you.

Poll. Suffer with me ? what I have done, my child was with me. What you would have me do, my child shall also do. Aye, if to die, it shall be ; we die together (*kisses babe*).

Homo. Then I'll not kill you, I will find some other torture. [*Enter TOM a prisoner.*]

And you, pilot, look upon your wife ; look upon your child ; look upon this conspiracy, and see what a wreck you have brought us to. I told you if you changed her one point, or varied from the chart, that I would hold you responsible for the act, as I now will do. Officer Catwip !

Catwip. Sir !

Homo. Witness this inquiry.

Catwip. I witness your command, sir.

Homo. Pilot, is that your wife and child ?

Tom. I am her husband and its father.

Homo. What has been your previous occupation ?

Tom. A pirate of the Red Rocks, chief of the crew, and captain of the ship Goldwave.

Homo. An open confession, for which I'll punish you as a pirate, seeking to destroy the good king's ship ; together with eight hundred lives. Catwip, cause a raft to be made and bind those pirates on it together, cast them to the waves, to sink or swim, and, while doing that, this pirate pilot shall receive the corporal punishment of one hundred lashes. Lead him to the ship again, and this woman pirate, the shameful conspirator, and there commence the flogging.

[*Exit CATWIP, TOM and POLL.*]

And keeper, what ill has fell on you ?

Keeper. An assassin came with that pirate woman, and tried to murder me, I have a wound deep within my breast. They put out the light and nigh well drowned my daughter. That old disabled soldier, who had brought her home, fired upon the assassin and wounded him in his arm ; however, he succeeded in throwing the soldier into the sea ; but we all escaped without death, except among your crew.

Homo. Shot him, the assassin in the arm. That must be the wound Anchor Jack received, and so he has made his flight, good and safely.

Keeper. Yes, Jack was the villain's name. .

Homo. I see all through it now. Jack has ever been a pirate, and is part owner of the Goldwave. Well, we will return again to Naples, and repair ship. Then, if the pirate Goldwave is on the sea, I'll find her and her master.

[*Enter CATWIP and PRISONERS.*]

Catwip. The prisoner has been duly flogged and the raft is ready, sir.

Homo. Keeper, I will return to you. Lead the wretches back, and there lash them tight upon the raft, cast them outward from the shore, where the waves will wash and drown them. [End of act.]

ACT 3D, SCENE 1ST.

The dark open sea. Enter TOM, POLL and BABE floating on a raft, over the stage, exit. Silently. Lightning and distant thunder.

SCENE THE SECOND.

A street in Naples, at back part of the stage. Enter HOMO. CATWIP R., OLD TAR and SHOOTE, all meeting on center.

Homo. Here are the crew we thought were lost. Where have you been old sailor ?

Old Tar. Out to sea, captain, and could not reach port for stress of weather. Last night, before the storm, we heard the news of the lighthouse tragedy, and put out to stop you; but you had weighed and gone. I had some friends of yours in the boat, and in the storm they became afraid, and I had a difficulty in landing them in safety. I then stood stern, out again to sight you and the storm raged so high, that I looked to swamp in each wave about me. Never since the battle, have I been in such a storm. How is the ship, captain.

Homo Repaired, and right for sea again. I am just going to sail in search of the pirate.

Old Tar. Hug the coast to Starboard, about three leagues beyond the tragic lighthouse, she anchors there outside the offing, you need not fear to fight her as nearly all the crew has left. Anchor Jack, your boatswain, has safely reached on board, and now is captain of her; but he is wounded in his arm which looks to me a case of amputation. They have no ammunition, nor any provisions on board. I have just left the vessel, it was there I found a shelter from the storm, and now I reach in port. I met my gossip, Shoote down at the pier. so we moored the boat. Good day, captain, hoping to see you tow her into Naples.

Homo. I will do that, sailor, when I have shot her keel uppermost, and drowned her crew. Nigh two hundred of my men were drowned at the lighthouse. When the Neptune struck as they were aloft and fell into the surging water, it was dark, and wave after wave carried them sinking away; their cries for help were awful. Now, Catwip, let us for revenge and action, the Goldwave soon shall tremble, on fire within the sea. [Exit ALL.]

SCENE 3D.

On board the Goldwave. Out at sea, the Red Rocks mending nets. ANCHOR JACK stood with eye glass looking to sea from the ships stern, seaward. A low chorus by the ROCKS.

Behold how brightly breaks the morning,
Though bleak our lot, our hearts are warm ;
Inured to toil, all danger scorning
We hail the breeze and brave the storm.
We hail the breeze and brave the storm.

Jack. Look and spread your nets with care,
Take heed and whisper low,
For the prey we seek, we'll soon, we'll soon insnare.

Jack. A sail is on the starboard bow. She heads this way, a light rigged bark I see ; we will hail her for provisions. What say you, shipmates ?

Izia. Yes, hail her, and show us in distress ; run up the signal to the mast head.

Jack. It is there already, we will await her. She is bearing fast down with a fair wind and full sail.

Izia. I don't know how it is Jack, but I fear poor Tom and Poll has fallen into it at the lighthouse.

Jack. Oh ! never fear, Poll is a brave pirate, and will share with Tom. I have given up all for her. I love that woman, and I always hated Tom on her account ; if he was dead, I would marry her to-morrow, for her bright smiles haunt me, aye, even in my sleep. It reminds me of that good old song " Her Bright Smiles Haunt me Still."

Izia. Aye, give us that Jack, until the ship heaves to us.

Jack sings. " Her Bright Smile Haunts me Still."

(A voice from the sea), Goldwave, Ahoy !

Jack. She hails us close along side, and is lowering a boat to board us Good heaven's ! shipmate. Poll and Tom's on her, sick, I think, for they lower them to the boat

from the yard-arm. Now they row for the ship. Stand by with a line. Welcome ! Poll. Shipmates, three cheers for the Goldwave and freedom, Poll and Tom Bowline.

All (cheer).

[*Assisted by SAILORS. Enter over side ALCHYMI, POLL and TOM.*]

Alchymii. The night wind with a desolate moan, swept by our ship, her tattered sails all flapped and swung. The vessel washed, upon her wavey hinges. The moon, as the torn edges of the clouds flew past, showed us a raft and those souls struggling for their last gasp of life in water. So dimly, that the watchful eye of death, scarcely was conscious whether it went or came. The fire within my bosom, at first was low ; yet still it burned as ever, as my thoughts grew insupportable. He raised himself upon his sea washed arm and moved the cords with difficult energy. They fell again from his nerveless fingers, and his eyes fell faint within their sockets, he shrunk back upon his raft and with inclosed lips muttered a curse on death ! The silvery silence of the moonlight sea gave us charm to help them into our vessel, and by the light of escape, that passed through the ragged clouds about the moon, I clearly saw they yet had life within them. I drew from my breast a phial, they drank the vital instincts that it contained, and mocking life came freshly back. Again, his lips compressed, and with a shudder in his sea washed frame, and thus had passed from its unequal frame a soul of fire crushed, and sun-beat eagle stricken.

Jack. What, is he dead ?

Alchymii. From his high soaring down — an instrument broken with its own compass. Oh ! how poor seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown his strength upon the sea. Ambition,

wrecked. A thing the angel might pity. As she sits brooding in quiet on her lonely babe, and mother. I must now go to my ship; farewell, until we anchor! farewell.

Jack (sings the song, TOM BOWLINE).

“His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed up in him, that nature
Might stand up and say to all the world
This was a man.”

Come, shipmates, the best of us is gone; let us bury him with all the honors of a true sailor.

[*TOM is placed in a hammock with a flag on his breast, weights at his feet, and cast overboard. (Slow music, the Mariner's Grave).*]

Jack (to POLL who has lain unconscious). Poll, now my happiness rests with you. Rise love, from your slumber, a new woman and my bride, my wife; for I have ever loved you, awake and in my sleep; aye, since you were a child, his bright beauty and ambitious youth grew great before me, and so you wedded him. Then, in my spirit I grew great, and rivalled to out-do his love, which I did, and turned his heart against you; then my evil will conspired against his life, that I might find in you a widow's love; that love will make me happy; without that love, I do not care to live. Say but the words to make me happy. The words “I will,” and I will cast off this poor disguised distress, that hangs about the Goldwave, below, around and above us.

Poll. Love! bride! wife! where is my child? my babe? my husband? where am I? Alas! I know too well. Love I did, bride I was! wife, I am not. My child is gone! my babe is drowned! my husband killed, and I am wrecked; childless! motherless!! a widow!!! Cast me to the sea, where my love is, there am I, with my child, babe, husband

A wife, no widow, not wrecked. Cast me to the sea I command you.

Jack. Never! how could I? did not the spark of love first kindle in my bosom? Was not my heart the first opened unto you? No! my breast heaves, rolls and swells to great a tempest. If you go, I go to the sea also. I did conspire to take his life with you, and left my office with the king, for which I now am sorry; rise love, this ship is mine in contract with your husband; he bid me if he died to leave the king and take her to pirate the seas with to make you ever happy. Come, love, come (*takes her hand*).

Poll. Izia, save me, save me! Cast me to the sea I will die, before I wed dishonor.

Izia. Poll, you need not die, nor wed dishonor. I have ever loved you, and love you yet. Unhand her Jack, unhand her.

[HOMO., CATWIP and armed SAILORS, enter over the Goldwave's side from a boat.]

Homo. Hold! In the king's name, you are my prisoners. Who is the captain? I demand this ship's surrender

Jack. I am the captain, and surrender, aye, without a shot, we are your prisoners.

Homo. And who are you? your name?

Jack. I am Anchor Jack, a Red Rock pirate and captain of the Goldwave. Once boatswain of the king's ship Neptune, with you Captain Homogeneous; but now am nobody, in your hands, a prisoner (*offers his sword*.)

Homo. Coward! Coward! Shame on you.

Jack. No coward. No, by heaven! No, I am yet brave. No blood of a coward in me. If I thought there was, I would cut the vein and let it out. I am your prisoner, but no coward. Captain Homogeneous call me coward again, and I recall the spirit I gave you prisoner, I am again a

pirate, a Red Rock to battle on you. I have e'er now, with Izia, killed at once, more than half your crew ; do not insult my power, or, lame as I am, I'll kill you.

Homo. Silence ! Coward, silence !

Jack. To action, Izia, crew and death be on you.

[*A sword fight, CATWIP is killed by IZIA. JACK drives HOMO on board the NEPTUNE, follows and is wounded, returns and all drop their swords to yield.*]

Homo. Now, sir, you have fought me and killed my officer and crew, give me your swords. Sailors form a guard. For this you shall receive three shots in your body, be cast to the sea, and there left for its inhabitants to prey upon ; form up to fire. You, Izia, and the rest of the crew, I will hang to the yard-arm ; the ship I'll take to Naples, and you madam ?

Poll. Nothing. I have suffered for my acts on earth, and now I join my babe and husband in the sea (*mounts the side to jump*), first fire, that I may see his end.

Jack. Poll, I have ever loved you, wait and we will drown together ; heaven, witness and be pleased with the act, fire.

Homo. Guard are you ready ? fire one ! fire two !! fire three !!!

[*JACK falls, rises again, takes POLL's hands and both jump into the sea.*]

CURTAIN.

PONSCION PICCACAKE, C.B.

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